

M'ARTHUR DEMOCRAT.

"NO NORTH, NO SOUTH, NO EAST, NO WEST, UNDER THE CONSTITUTION," BUT A SACRED MAINTENANCE OF THAT INSTRUMENT AND TRUE DEVOTION TO OUR COMMON COUNTRY.
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Attorney at Law,
McARTHUR, OHIO.

Will practice in Vinton and adjoining counties. Office three doors West of the Post Office.
Feb. 9, 1852. 34 tf

CLARK AND PLYLEY,

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Will practice in partnership in Vinton County. Office, four doors east of Sisson & Hubert's Hotel.
Feb. 21, 1854. 199.

JOHN D. ROVEY,

Attorney & Counselor at Law,
ALBANY, ATHENS COUNTY, OHIO.
February 23, 1855.—4m.

E. A. BRATTON,

Attorney at Law,
McARTHUR, OHIO.

Will practice in Vinton and adjoining counties. Office, one door east of the "Blue Corner".
January 20, 1854.—6.

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AND DEALERS IN PRODUCE.
No. 55, FRONT STREET,
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO,
January 20, 1854.—6.

From the Ohio Farmer.

MY MOTHER.

BY ARIEL.

Mother! O how my bosom thrills,
When e'er I hear thy honored name;
It wakens nobler feelings, than
Are waked by hopes of wealth or fame;
It brings before my dreaming gaze,
The cherished scenes of youthful days.

The sweetest chord that ever sounds,
Among the strings of memory,
Is that which bears my spirit back
To youth, to happiness, and thee;
I hear the songs which lulled me then,
But ne'er shall hear such strains again.

Since thou hast gone, misfortunes oft
Their shadows dark have o'er me cast;
The future now seems bright no more,
And joy is found but in the Past;
For that Past thou seem'st a part,
Which ne'er shall vanish from my heart.

When seeking joy in Pleasure's hall,
Amid the mazes of the dance,
I've felt thy care was o'er me still,
And seem'd to meet thy mo'ful glance;
And heard the whisper, "Son, beware,
Thou can'st not find true pleasure there."

And then, I have retraced the Past,
Till memory dwelt on other years,
And brought to mind thy mild reproof,
Which oft has melted me to tears;
And turning from that scene, I've thought
Upon what once my mother taught.

Though years have passed, her spirit still,
I know full well, is hovering round;
And when I stand beside her grave,
I feel I am on holy ground,
While scenes, in which she bore a part,
Come thronging round my stricken heart.

And kneeling on that sacred spot,
I've strove to tame this heart so wild,
And prayed to be as pure, as when
I knelt by her, a sinless child,
And doubted not, her spirit there,
Well pleased, has heard my fervent prayer.

O! when this changeful earthly scene
Is fading from my falling sight,
And my feeble spirit plumes its wings,
To try a loftier, nobler flight,
To heaven's bright realm, O may I thee,
Mother, from earth, to God and thee.

What a Know-Nothing Knows.

BY QUINCY SADE.

With such a queer name, you would hardly
suppose
How much, after all, a Know-Nothing knows;
He knows that the country has nothing to
hope.

Till we've banished the papists and
poisoned the Pope;
He knows that all priests are merely the
tools

Of the devil to worry Know-Nothing fools;
That "Sisters of Charity" ought to be killed;
That monks should be murdered, and nuns
should be hanged;

That the calendar Saints of ancient renown
All plums "Americans" ought to "put down,"
Till the last of the crew is imprisoned or
dead,

And even St. Nicholas yields to St. Ned!
He knows that a "foreigner" ought not to go to
The polls, though as brave as De Kalb or
De Soto;

Thinks good Lafayette was the vilest of
calves,
And knows that the "Puritans" must have
been natives?

He knows imagination is a dreadful ex-
pense,
That doesn't admit of the slightest defense;
Can tell to a penny, exactly how much
We lose every day by the pestilent Dutch;
How a pauper appears with his rags and
his tatters on

What it cost to feed "Pat" and board "Mrs.
Patterson!"
Now who, from his title, would ever suppose
How many queer things a K. N. knows?

THE VILLAGE DANCING SCHOOL.

BY WM. S. H.

One fine morning in Autumn, the
quiet inhabitants of B— were
thrown into the greatest excitement at
sight of a bill posted upon the corner
of the street, giving notice to all those
interested in a dancing school to meet
at the district school-house, that evening,
to concert measures for having one in
that place.

Many were the pious ejaculations
and upward turning of eyes in horror,
at the wickedness about to be consum-
mated in that village, when the ex-
ecrable bill was first read by the "old
folks" of B—, most of whom be-
longed to church, and considered them-
selves as sinless as mortals could be,
and who endeavored to bring up their
children in the way they should go.

This open rebellion to their views and
precepts they could not endure; conse-
quently, some half dozen of the most
zealous members, headed by Deacon
Parsons, went for the purpose of tear-
ing down this offensive notice and tramp-
ling it in the dust.

Arriving at the corner, they found it
surrounded by a group of young fel-
lows, who silently gave way for the
deacon and his troupe to enter. The
deacon putting on a dignified look, was
about to lay violent hands upon the de-
tested paper, when Josh, the eldest son
of Deacon Butterfly, sprang in front of
him with such force as to disturb his
equilibrium and send him reeling back-
wards, hitting another brother, causing
them to play "hide and go seek" in
the mud, as Joshua afterward termed it.

The deacon, after some delay in get-
ting upon his feet, on account of his
compulsion to the infinite amusement
of the lookers on, turned to our hero,
with his face flushed with anger and
his fists clenched as if he would dem-
onish him in one moment of time. But
seeing the crowd taking sides against
him, he concluded it would be policy

to change his mode of attack; so calm-
ing his perturbed spirit a little, he said,
"Joshua, I am astonished at such ac-
tions as these from the son of a deacon
of the church, who has been trained up
under the benign influence of religion.
What do you think your father will
say, who has labored so long and faith-
fully for the good of the church, when
he hears what things his son has been
guilty of?"

"It will make little difference to me
what he says, as long as I am my own
master," answered Joshua.

"Only think of the wickedness in
this thing," continued the deacon,
"which if suffered to be carried out,
will surely bring a worse punishment
upon this town than that sent upon So-
dom and Gomorrah. Now take my warn-
ing and advance no farther in this
abominable sin, but tear down that no-
tice, and—"

"I am much obliged to you," inter-
rupted Joshua, "for your kind interest
in my welfare; as it is contrary to my
custom to receive advice and obey it
immediately, I shall reject your kind
counsel for the present, but will give it
due reflection for the remaining part of
the day; and if I come to the conclu-
sion to take it down, I will give you
notice this evening at the school house.
In the meantime, however, I shall guard
it safe."

The deacon seeing that it was no use
to reason with him withdrew, leaving
Josh in quiet possession of the corner.
Evening came, and the old school-
house was filled to overflowing. The
old folks knowing that their children
were determined to go and overawe
them. In the first of the meeting ev-
erything went on swimmingly in their
favor, and it seemed that the younger
portion were terrified into submission,
until they were to take a final vote to
see if they would have a school when
up went two-thirds of the hands pre-
sent. This was more than the deacon
and his followers bargained for; so tak-
ing their hats they quickly left, giv-
ing up for a second time a contested
field to their young sprouts, who then
chose a committee of which Josh was
chairman, to hire a master and provide
a suitable place for the school.

The next day the committee hired
the hall over Esq. Peabody's shop,
whose religious scruples against letting
it for a dancing school, were overcome
by the dollar. They then went to the
city and engaged a teacher. The school
was to commence in one week. In
the meantime all the girls who were
blessed with such a luxury got their
indulgent grandmothers to teach them
the steps, and then they would steal off
with other girls and practice. Once
they got into Uncle Tom Skinner's
barn, and frightened him so, that he
nearly went into fits, for he thought the
world was coming to an end. At an-
other time they were in Sally Dolittle's
garret and the old lady, thinking that
the witches were in her house, went
and nailed a horse shoe on the chamber
door.

That week was an eventful one for
B—, there was more business transac-
ted in it than there had been for
months before. Mr. Dunlap, the store-
keeper, sold a greater part of his goods
and had to go to the city to purchase
more. Old Dick Spikes, the shoemaker,
was completely "run up back river"
on shoes, and he had also to make
tracks for the city, for a new supply.

And in like manner was it with all
whose business came within the limits
of the wants of the scholars.

On account of the new life imparted
to the village, there was a reaction in
most of the minds of the inhabitants,
and they consented, before the end of
the week, to let their children go.

Among those who held out against it
as a great evil was Deacon Parsons.

Perhaps the fall and defeat at the cor-
ner, may have had something to do
with his tremendous opposition. Be-
cause as it may, one thing is certain and
that is, that Joshua Butterfly invited
Ruth Parsons, the deacon's only daughter
to go with him, and she assented, if
it could be done without the knowl-
edge of her father, as she well knew it
would be extreme folly to think of get-
ting his consent.

Where there is a will there is a way,
is an old saying, and though ever so
antiquated is applicable in the case of
the deacon's two children. They with
her mother agreed that Ruth should
stay at home the first night, in order to
prevent suspicion on the part of her fa-
ther; but the second she should go, Mrs.
Parsons telling her husband that she
had gone to a little gathering at one of
the neighbors. This plan worked ad-
mirably for the first half of the school,
and then the deacon began to mistrust
all was not well with these gatherings,
and that they were in fact, no more
less than what he detested, the dancing
school. But he had too much pride to
own that he thought such a thing, as
he had frequently boasted of the obe-
dience of his child. So afterwards he
always had something particular for
her to do which kept her busily em-
ployed for the evening.

Determined not to be outwitted by
the old deacon, Joshua was ready to
receive Ruth, with a ladder, after she
had retired to her chamber, as her fa-
ther supposed for the night, down which

she would quickly slide, and march off
in triumph to the hall.

But this game was suddenly brought
to an end, as will be seen from the fol-
lowing conversation which occurred
between our two friends at one of their
secret meetings:

"Oh, Josh! father has found out for
certainly that I have been to the dances,
and he is dreadfully angry with me."

"How did he find it out?" asked Josh
with surprise.

"You know Penelope Pimple was
in sight before last to see us dance,
yesterday morning she came right
straight over here and told father and
he gave me a regular blowing up!"

"Curse on the maids," muttered he.
"But you must go to-morrow night, as
it is the last night of the school."

"I can't, for father has forbid me
ever going into that hall again."

Joshua was silent a few minutes, and
then looking Ruth full in the eyes, he
said in a low tone—

"There is but one thing left for us to
do now, and that is to call in the aid
of the minister, with whose help in a
few moments we will be beyond the
control of your father."

"None of your fooling now," said
Ruth, blushing deeply.

"I never was more serious in my
life. It is what I thought of before."

"But father—"

"Never mind him. He will get over
it in a little while."

The reader can imagine the sequel
to this meeting.

The next evening Joshua called for
Ruth and was told by her father that
she could not go. Thereupon he
quietly drew from his pocket the cer-
tificate of their marriage, and gave it
to the deacon. The amazement of the
deacon on reading this can better be
imagined than described. It will be
sufficient to say that he made no op-
position to going to the dance that night.

We will close this sketch, by saying
that the deacon's two children now
live upon a quiet little farm, given to
them by their parents, never for a mo-
ment regretting the step they had taken
to overcome the stubborn will of the
old deacon.

Ebbing Tide of Irish Emigration.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in a letter to
Irish Editors of America, says that the
effect of the restrictive policy
pursued by the "American" party in
this country is driving the Irish Catho-
lics to Canada and back to Ireland. We
quote his words:

"Already a small number of our
countrymen have abandoned the United
States, to settle in Canada West.—
The Emigrant Agent for that province,
Mr. Hawke, has, in his report for the
present year, estimated Canada's gain
in this class at 20,000, and he very
naturally attributes this fact to the ac-
tion of the restrictive party here
against foreigners, and especially
against the Irish Roman Catholics."

"So you perceive that the people
themselves have begun to find out that
the British flag does not of itself out-
weigh actual social wrongs, though
perpetrated under the standard of a re-
public."

"Another class of our settlers, pos-
sessed of small means, (from \$500 to
\$5,000,) are pouring back into Ireland.
I learn from the shippers of passengers
at this port, that the return emigration
already proceeds at the ratio of 500 per
week. Since the first of January the
departures are said almost to balance
the arrivals—a highly curious and in-
structive fact."

We presume the latter statement is
much exaggerated, though it may be
before long become true, unless the evil
spirit of intolerance which is abroad
among us is promptly laid.—N. Y.
Evening Post.

Since the first settlement of our coun-
try, nothing has occurred to produce so
blighting an effect upon our prosperity,
as this Know Nothing, Anti-American,
Anti-Christian, Anti-human organi-
zation. We have revolved the subject
in our mind in every shape, and cannot
find a single excuse for it worthy of a
people educated above a Hotentot or
a wild native Indian. Even the latter
acted better towards the first foreigners
that landed upon our shores. Our coun-
try is receiving a stab from which it
will not soon recover. All Europe
must be taken by surprise, that the only
country on earth to which the friends
of freedom looked with anxious hope,
has turned the worst persecutor of our
race.

As a matter of propriety, to say noth-
ing of its inhumanity, it is a monstrous
blunder, and we will feel its effects
most seriously. No man who has the
prosperity of his country at heart, can
join in such an infamous crusade. The
reports we get daily from all parts of
the country, satisfy us that the reign of
this evil spirit must soon be over. It
behoves every well-wisher of our ex-
istence to see to it at once, that all the
elements hostile to this foul spirit are
made effective.—Ohio Statesman.

"My son," said Mr. N., a Yankee
whose conversation is reported in the
N. H. Register, "how could you mar-
ry an Irish girl?" "Why, father," said
the son, "I'm not able to keep two
women, and if I'd married a Yankee
girl, I'd had to have hired an Irish girl
to take care of her."

Virginia Election—Speech of Mr. Wise in Washington—Rage of the Know Nothings over their defeat.

At 9 o'clock this evening a tremen-
dous gathering assembled before Brown's
Hotel and called Mr. Wise out to mani-
fest to him the joy they experienced at
his success in the election. After the
Marine Band had played a number of
complimentary airs, Mr. Wise was in-
troduced to the auditorium from the bal-
cony, and was greeted with the most deaf-
ening applause by his friends, and with
hoots and hisses from the Know Noth-
ings, of whom there was a very large
number in the crowd. Amid the greatest
excitement Mr. Wise commenced as said:

"FELLOW CITIZENS OF WASHINGTON: I
never regretted more in my life than
now that I have not got more strength.
It is not generous to trample on a pro-
strate foe [Cries of "good," "good," and
"hear," accompanied by groans and
other "demonstrations"]—but if ever
allowed to put my heel on the back of a
fallen enemy I might be pardoned to
night [Renewed interruptions here oc-
curred.] If there was ever an opponent
dominating and dictatorial, it is that
illiberal party which assumes now to
rule America. He has boasted that he
was invincible. I have met the black
knight with his vizor down, and his
shield and lances are broken [More in-
terruptions from the "Know Nothings."] He
has crossed the North stamping his
foot, so that the nation might feel the
shaking of the earth. But he traveled
in the night, with dark lanterns in hand,
and just before day, to do his boasting;
men became appalled and their blood
curdled in their veins—their muscles
crowded on their bones—and fears came
over the minds of the people, I had
proclaimed he was easily conquered. I
knew the rock of defense—and that
rock was the indomitable democracy
[Tremendous cheers by the friends of Mr.
Wise, and a renewal of interruptions by
his foes.]

Mr. Wise then briefly gave an account
of the travel he had performed, and of
oratorical toils he had endured during
the canvass, and said: Notwithstand-
ing Sam had achieved victories in the
North, I knew he could not meet the
masses of the people; in primary assem-
blies, in Virginia. I knew he could
not stand before the pibroch and tramp
of liberty. He might live in the land
of secret ballot, but he could not survive
the viva voce of the people. [Applause,
and cries of "Huzza for Sam."] Aye,
that voice had overwhelmingly conquer-
ed in the Old Dominion. [Renewed
applause.] I was told by my friends,
and I now tell you, (here the confu-
sion was so great that the remainder of
what Mr. Wise said was lost.) Is the
ear of the people not to be allowed to
listen to the language of liberty? Not
only are those "Sams" hurrying for the
destruction of religious liberty, but they
would trample on the freedom of the
pen and press. [Applause and disap-
probation.] I tell you, you have found
your master in a purified majority, which
consists of the conscientious and con-
servative men of both old parties. [Re-
newed interruptions and various cries
mingled with applause.] My friends I
would, if I were one of the Lord's an-
ointed, give you a little of the holy
water you ask for; you need it.—
[Laughter, applause and groans.] You
who are crying out there for holy water
are hypocrites. [A voice, "That's a lie;
you want it."] You have joined in the
war of the Abolitionists on the institu-
tions of Virginia. If you want holy
water go to your high priests. [Ap-
plause mingled with cries of "Hurrah
for Sam."] I think I have made con-
verts of you, judging by your cheering.
[Renewed laughter by the friends of Mr.
Wise, and cheering by his foes.]

I thank you from my heart, he ironi-
cally said, for your decent, orderly con-
duct and behavior. You have demon-
strated you are worthy to be masters of
this great country. What laws will
guard us if such men as you rule the
country? Discussion, it would appear,
is not tolerated. [Mr. Wise was here
silenced by the groans from the Know
Nothings and the hurrahs for "Sam."] He
continued: My lungs are too weak
for me to contend with a rabble like
you. A mob of Know Nothings has
seized on the capital of the country. I
leave to conservative Whigs and indom-
itable Democrats to say whether this
disgrace shall abide here. [Cries of "No,"
"no," "no," and renewal of interruptions
by the Know Nothings.] I must thank
you my friends, for the compliment you
expected to pay me. [Cries of "Go on,
go on."] No, I shall not go on. My
lungs will not permit it. [Renewed in-
vitations to go on.] I will conclude by
saying, here in Washington freedom of
speech was not allowed by the tyrant
and dictator and dark lantern oligarchy,
which ever seeks to oppress.

Mr. Wise then withdrew amid the
applause of his friends and the joy of
his foes. Crowds of the friends of Mr.
Wise now rushed into the hotel and
warmly congratulated him. The Know
Nothings for an hour longer continued
their noises, when, becoming weary of
their performances, and hoarse with
their own bawling, they dispersed.

Some rusty, crusty, fusty, lusty, mus-
ty, dusty, gusty curmudgeon of a man,
gave the following toast at a celebra-
tion: "Our fire engines—May they be
like our old maids—ever ready, but
never wanted."

"So you would not take me for [a
man?] said a young lady to her partner
while dancing a polka, a few evenings
since. What would you take me for?"
"For better or for worse," he replied.

How to put the Shilling on the Shelf.

Parents who would keep their chil-
dren in the healthy, happy atmosphere
of the home affections, preserve their
boys from dangerous contact at night
with the vicious and profane of the
street, must surround them with the at-
tractions of home entertainments, the
food and recreation which choice books,
pleasant conversation, racy magazines,
and the daily newspapers so richly af-
ford. The habit of reading at home is
not a rare one in a city where four thou-
sand children between the ages of six
and sixteen are in attendance upon the
best schools in the world. But what
more than all other things averages the
intelligence and enjoyment derived from
reading is the newspaper. Let all read
it, and its information, incidents, fun,
and facts become common property and
the source of common pleasure and im-
provement. Conversation takes a more
enlightened tone, and the youngest boy
reads and mingles his geography and
arithmetic rudiments with his father's
conversation, oftentimes with advan-
tage to both. The habit of reading the
newspaper is an excellent one among
the young, particularly because it brings
into play so much knowledge that would
otherwise lie dormant. It is excellent
school-master in examining the boys.—
They cannot read one without having
all the school learning brought into
play, all the wits sharpened, all the
thoughts rendered more sprightly and
vigorous, all the tastes more elevated,
all the appetites for knowledge more
eager and acute.

Then, it furnishes topics for the even-
ing talk, and its thousand items of the
goings on of all the world, its records
of battles, sieges, shipwrecks, fires, ac-
cidents, the new inventions, books,
amusements, songs, the changes in man-
ners, language, laws, the loss of crops,
ships, or crowns, the advent of fashions,
men, states, or planets, the rise and
fall of stocks, princes and humbugs, all
supercede the old thread bare subject of
the weather where the daily paper is
read.

He who will deny his wife and chil-
dren the daily paper for the sake of a
cigar day is a very selfish man and will,
like the weed he puffs, come to smoke
at last. But he who quits the Havana,
and puts the shilling on the shelf for
the paper, will have a happier family
around him, smarter boys and girls,
a better home, a clearer head, a lighter
heart, and a heavier purse.—Plain
Dealer.

A Revolving Battery for War Purposes.

We saw yesterday at the Suffolk
Works, an extraordinary improvement
in artillery, which is called "Shaw &
Ames' Patent Revolving Battery," the
invention of Mr. Erasmus N. Shaw and
Emerson Ames, both citizens of Balti-
more. It consists of a brass cylinder,
revolving horizontally, and containing
any number of chambers, with a station-
ary barrel. It is loaded, primed and
swabbed, all with one simple movement
of a break, which we saw repeated
eighteen times in one minute. The bar-
rels and chambers are prevented from
being overheated by a simple but effec-
tual arrangement. The mechanism for
loading, priming and swabbing is very
simple and ingenious.

The battery which we saw was of a
miniature size, carrying an inch ball.—
The larger batteries are expected to work
more slowly,—a battery carrying a four
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